

THE
IMPRISONED,
BALLAD.

WRITTEN BY
(Alfred Wheeler.)

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

WILLIAM R. DEMPSTER.

Ad lib. well

BOSTON

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THE IMPRISONED.

A story is told in an old English book of a Knight who in the time of the Crusades went forth to Palestine, leaving behind him a fair lady to whom he was betrothed. He was taken prisoner and for a year confined in a gloomy dungeon without a single companion except a little bird that daily came and sat upon the bars of the window, singing sweet songs and receiving crumbs from his hands. The fair lady too whom he was plighted, after many months heard where he was imprisoned and set out to find him. She arrived at his cell just as he had died, and while the little bird sat chirping upon his bed, as if calling for its accustomed care and food.

Written by ALFRED WHEELER.

Composed by WILLIAM R. DEMPSTER.

MODERATELY SLOW.

The musical score is written for piano in 6/8 time. It consists of four systems of music. The first system is a piano introduction with a treble and bass staff. The second system continues the piano introduction with a treble and bass staff. The third system continues the piano introduction with a treble and bass staff. The fourth system begins with a vocal line in the treble staff, with the lyrics 'A prisoner sat in a lone-ly cell' written below it. The piano accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like *Cres.*, *Dim.*, *p*, and *f*.

4

Cres:

f

Sighing for freedom he loved so well; No friend to gladden his heart had he, Save a

Cres:

f

Dim:

sweet little bird that sang mer - ri - ly.

gr

"Oh, my

Dim:

bird couldst thou fly to my love and say, "In chains I am wasting with mournful decay, And

tell her I never have broken my vow, Less sad would I feel in my

gr

tr

dungeon now. And the little bird sat on the cold prison bar. And warbled his note—Li-ra

ff *lento*

f

la! li-ra-la! Li-ra-la! li-ra-la! Li-ra-la! . . . li-ra-la. . .

ff *tr* *tr* *tr* *ff*

p *tr* *tr* *tr*

A year passed by—On that

lento

p cold dungeon floor, The pris'ner had lain And to *f* rise no more, Cold, cold was the damp that had *Cres.*

p *f* *Cres.*

moistened his brow, And bitter the tear on his eye - lid now. *grr.*

Slowly he'd wasted till death at last Had warned him the dream of his *loco.*

life was past, And she whom he loved knew not of his truth—As he died there unwept in the *grr.*

bloom of his youth. And the bird that had been to his prison, a star, Still merrily sang—Li-ra-

gr *lento* *f*

lal li-ra-lal Li-ra-la! li-ra-la! Li-ra-la! . . . li-ra-la.

Rall: *gr* *p* *Rall.* *f*

gr

